A Great Man Avenged. "Do you love life" as'ted the big

man as he kicked up the sawdust and fell heavily into a chair at one of the pinoch e tables.

"I suppo e I de," said the quiet German who kept the place.

"Well then being a selection of the place.

"Well, then, bring me a schooner of beer, and if there s a collar on it you don't get a cent, see?" The big man drank the beer at one dripping gulp and then glared unstead-ily around the room at the Bock beer sign, the announcement of the Schwaben picnic, the steel engraving of Cer-mania and the picture of Bismarck.

"Who's that gazaboy?" "He is te ghreat Pismarck." "Great nothin". He sint in it. That's what he sin't." The proprietor looked at the icepick,

and then he changed his mind.

"Haf a peer," said he.
"I'll go you" sa d the big man. He
accepted a third and fourth. On the
eighth he fell asleep over the table. The quiet German went to the door and called in a heavy policeman. "Here's a goot cigar," said he. "Take

him in. He's peen disorderly. I appear myse f at te station." Five minutes later two policemen hauled out the big man, whose drag-ging toes left long, snaky lines along the sawdust. The quiet German d. sting the picture, said: "Pismarck is affenged. I pet you."—Chicago Record.

Faith Curists. These very conflient people are strangely self-satisfied until danger to life looms up, as waen the caronic pains of many years endurance attack the heart, like Rheumatism very often doss, then they turn to a better very often doss, then they turn to a better faith. This better faith—held to by many thousands—is simple and certain. It is faith founded on experience that Sr. Jacobs Oil will cure, because it has cured all these painful aliments permanently. It is a faith founded on reason. We know want can be done by what has been done a thousand these Ferres on the same transfer. times. Every physician knows that those who have belief in treatment are the more easily cared those who have not set up a resistance to the progress of cure.

A belt in one of the big flouring mills at Minneapolis, Minn., contains 200 cowhides. It is 260 feet long and weighs over a ton.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action but now that it is cenerally know that Syrap of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives. which act for a time, but finally injure the

It is said that the secretary bird in attack ing a snake uses one wing as a shield and the

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it falls to cure. Send for E. to f testimonials. Address

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

The abbreviation "gent" was formerly used in Eugland, as a title of respect, not as

Good Men Profitably Employed. "Yes, sir, we have a number of grand, good men working for us, and they are making money, too, doing better for themselves than they could in any other line." That is about the way Mr. B. F. Johnson, of the firm of B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., stated the case in referring to their advertisement for representatives to devote all or part of their time in the interest of their business.

Diamonds, so small that 1,500 go to the carat, have been cut in Holland.

Pr. Kilmer's SWAMP-Roor cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation frea. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

There was not a public library in the United

It Is Of No Use to say that there is "Something Just as Good as Ripans Tabules for disorders of the stomach and liver." It is not so. This standard remedy will relieve and cure you. One tabule gives relief.

It's a good plan when you get the worst of it to make the best of it.

Rarl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts. \$1 California sea lions are champion climbers

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduce inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Tea is cut every forty days the year around in Japan.

if afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle. Candy should not be eaten just before

In Rivers, Ponds, Wulls, and other sources of drinking water threatens danger from malarial germs. Tais condition is usually tound in the Fall, and it points to Hood's Sarsaparilla as a safeguar i against attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood, and thus guar is the system from all thesa prils. It creates an app tite and gives sound and robust health, "I have

Hood's Sarsa-1000000 parilla been using Hoo l's Sarures 00000 I have suffered from malaria fever for five years, and have tried many kinds of medicine, but found no relied tili I commenced to take Hools Sirsaparil-la. I have all confidence in it, and believe

it to be far superior to any other tonic. P.
J. Fitzgerald, 121 Ninth St., So. Boston,
Mass. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver fils. 25 cents.



Delicious, Wholesome cakes.

at a moment's notice. No Salt, Yeast or Baking Powder required-Nothing but Water.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

Th eEminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Victory Over Pain.";

Text: "Neither shall there be any more

pain."-Revelation xxl., 4. The first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any chy is 'What is the health of the place? Is it shaken of terrible disorders? What are the shaken of terrible disorders? What is the death rate? How high rises the thermometer?" And am I not reasonable in asking, What are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to mov? My text answers it by saying, "Neither shall there be any more pain."

First, I remark, there will be no pain of First, I remark, there will be no pain of disappointment in heaven. If I could not the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began it beside the picture of what yon have realized, I would find a great difference. You have stumbled upon great disappointments Perhaps you expected riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them; you have planned and worried and persisted until your hands were worn, and your brain was racked, and your heart fainted, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that if you have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle, have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle, this year losing what you gained lest, financial uncertainties, pulling down faster than you build. For perhaps twenty or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the wind.

Perhaps you have had domestic disappoint-

ment. Your children, upon whose educa-tion you lay shed your hard earned dollars, how you iav shed your hard earned dollars, have not turned out as expected. Notwith-standing all your counsels and prayers and painstaking, they will not do right. Many a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trod on David's heart. That mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by that child's cradle.

ago she sat by that child's cradle.

Your life has been a chapter of disappointments. But come with me and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace entering the other city, you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectations will not reach the r-alization. Coming to the fop of one hill of joy, there will be other heights rising up in the vision. This song of transport will but lift you to higher anthems, the sweetest choral but a prejude to more tremendous harmony, ail prefude to more fremendous harmony, all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple gran ler, the throng mightier.
Further, I remark, there will be no pain

of weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are unrested, some from overwork, and some from dull-ness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels always to turn, these shuttles to fly, these axes to hew, these shovels to delve, these pens to fly, these books to be posted, these goods to be sold?

Ab, the great holiday approaches. No more curse of taskmakers. No more stooping until the back aches. No more calculation until the brain is bewillered. No more pain. No more carpentry, for the mansions are all tuilt. No more masonry, for the walls are all reared. No more diamond cutting, for the gems are all set. No more gold beating, for the crowns are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Further, there will be no more pain of

poverty. It is a hard thing to be really poor; to have your coat wear out and no money to get another; to have your flour barrel empty and nothing to buy bread with for your children; to live in an unhealthy row and no means to change your habita-tion; to have your child sick with some mysterious disease and not be able to secure eminent medical ability; to have son or daughter begin the world and you not have anything to help them in starting, with a min leapable of research and high contemplation to be perp stually fixed on questions of mere livelihood. Poets try to throw a romance about the

Poets try to throw a romance about the poor man's cot, but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Luzarus waked up without his rags and his diseases, and so all of Christ's poor wake up at last without any of their disadvantages—no a mshouses, for they are all princes; no tents to pay, for the residence of the control dence is gratuitous; no garments to buy, for the robes are divinely fashioned; no seats in church for poor folks, but equality among temple worshipers; no hoves, no hard crusts, no insufficient apparel. "They shall hungerno more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat." No more pain!

Further, there will be no pain of parting. All these associations must some time break up. We clasp hands and walk together, and talk and laugh and weep together, but we must after awhile separate. Your grava will be in one place, mine in another. Wo look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together some even-ing, or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance, or our conversation, but Gol knows that it is the last time, and messengers from eternity on their erran ito take us away know it is the last time, and in heaven, where they make ready for our de-parting spirits, they know it is the last time. Oh, the long agony of earthly separation! It is awful to stand in your nursery fighting death back from the couch of your child, and try to hold fast the little one, and see all the time that he is getting weaker, and the breath is shorter, and make outery to God to help us and to the doctors to save him.

and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone and that you have nothing left but the casket that held the jewel, and that in two or three days you must even put that away and walk around about the house and find it desolate, someabout the house and find it desolate, some-times feeling rebellious, and then to resolve to feel differently and to re-solve on self control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect selfcontrol to suddenly come upon some little coat or picture or shoe half worn out and how all the floods of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony! Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the hand that will never again do us a kindness. I know religion gives great consolation in such an hour, and we ought to be comforted,

but anyhow and anyway you make it it is Cn steambeat wharf and at rail car window we may smile when we say farewell, but these goodbys at the deathbed-they just take hold of the heart with iron pinchers and tear it out by the roots until all the fibers quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are wine presses, into which our hearts, like red clusters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the windless round and round until we are utterly crushed and have no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we

have wept all our tears. On every stiest, on every doorstep, by every couch, there have been partings. But once past the heavenly portals, and you are through with such scenes forever. In that land there are many hand claspings and embracings, but only in recognition, That great home circle never breaks. Once flud great home eirele never breaks. Once flad your comrades there, and you have them forever. No crape floats from the door of that blisstul residence. No cleft, hillside where the dead sleep. All awake, wide awake, and forever. No pushing out of emigrant ship for foreign shore. No tolling of bell as the funeral passes. Whole generations in glory. Hand to hand, heart to heart, joy to joy. No creep ng up the limes of the death chill, the lect cold until hot flannels cannot warm them. No rattle of sepurchral gates. No parting, no pain. Farther, the heavenly city will have no pain of body. The race is pierced with

pain of body. The race is pierced with sharp distresses. The surgeon's knife must cut. The dentist's pinchers must pull. Pain is fought with pain. The world is a hospital. Scores of diseases, like vultures contending for a carcass, struggle as to which shall have it. Our natures are infinitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of

The little child meets at the entrance of life manifold diseases. You hear the shrill cry of infancy as the lancet strikes into the swollen gum. You see its head in consuming levers that take more than half of them into the dust. Old age passes, dizzy and weak and short breathed and dim sighted. On every northeast wind come down pleurises and pneumonias. War lifts its sword and hacks away the life of whole generations. The hospitals of the earth groun into the ear of Gol their complaint. Asiatic the flames to certain death the flames to certain death.

London plagues make the world's kneek knock together.

Pain has gone through every street and un every ladder and down every shaft. It is on the wave, on the mast, on the beach. Wounds from ellp of elephant's tusk and adder's sting and crocolile's tooth and horse's hoof and wheel's revolution. We gather up the infirmities of our parents and transmit to our children the inheritunce augmented by our own sicknesses, and they add to them their own disorders, to pass the add to them their own disorders, to pass the inheritance to other generations. In A. D. 262 the plague in Rome smote into the dust 5000 citizens dally. In 544, in Constantinople, 1000 grave liggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1813 ophthalmia seized the whole Paresian army. At times the

the whole Prussian army. At times the earth has sweltered with suffering.

Count up the pains of Austerlitz, where \$0,000 fell; of Fontenoy, where 100,000 fell; 50,000 fell; of Fontenoy, was re 100,000 fell; of Chalons, where 303,000 fell; of Marins' fight, in which 290,000 fell; of the tragedy at Herat, where Genghis Khan massacrat 1,600,000 men, and of Nishar, where he slew 1,747,000 people; of the 18,000,000 this monster sacrificed in fourteen years as he want forth to do as he declared, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and make the empire a pasture for cattle.

pire a pasture for cattle.

Think of the death threes of the 5,000,000 Think of the death throes of the 5,000,000 men sacrificed in one campaign of Xerxes. Think of the 120,000 that perished in the slege of Ostend, of 300,000 dead at Acre, of 1,100,000 dead in the slege of Jerusalem, of 1,816,000 of the dead at Troy, and then complete the review by considering the stupendous estimate of Elmund Barke, that the loss by war had been thirty-it; times the entire then present population of the globe.

Go through and examine the laserations,

the gunshot fractures, the suber wounds, the gashes of the battleax, the slain of bombshell and exploded mine and falling wall and those destroyed under the gun carriage, and the hoof of the cavalry horse, riage, and the hoof of the cavalry horse, the burning thirsts, the camp fevers, the frosts that shivered, the tropleal suns that snote. Add it up, gather it into one lincompress it into one word, spell it in one syllable, clank it in one chain, pour it out in one groan, distill it into one tear.

Aye, the world has writhed in 6000 years

Aye, the world has writhed in 6000 years of suffering. Why doubt the possibility of a future world of suffering when we see the tortures that have been inflicted in this? A deserter from Sevastopol, coming over to army of the allies, pointed back to the fortress and said, "That place is a perfect hell,"

Our large grant and the immense Our lex'cographers, aware of the immensa necessity of having plenty of words to ex-press the different shales of trouble, have strewn over their pages such words as "annoyanee," "distress," "grief," "bitterness," "heartache," "misery," "winge," "pang." "heartache," "misery," "winge," "pang,"
"torture," "affliction," "anguish," "tribulation," "wretchedness," "woe." But I have a glad sound for every hospital, for every slekroom, for every lifelong invalid, for every broken heart. "There shall be no more pain." Thank God! Thank God!

No malarias float in the air. No bruised foot treads that street. No weary arm. No painful respiration. No hectic flush. No one can drink of that healthy fountain and keep faint hearted or faint headed. He

one can drink of that healthy fountain and keep faint hearted or faint headed. He whose foot touches that pavement becomes an athlete. The first kiss of that su amer air will take the wrinkles from the old man's cheek. Amid the multitude of songsters not one diseased throat. The first flash of the throne will scatter the darkness of those who were born blind. See, the lame man leaps as a hart and the dumb sing. From that bath of infinite delight we shall step forth, our wearness forgotten. shall step forth, our weariness forgotten. Who are those radiant ones? Why, that on had his jaw shot off at Fredericksburg ; that had his jaw shot off at Fredericksburg; that one lost his eyes in a powder blast; that one had his back broken by a fall from the ship's halyards; that one died of gangrene in the hospital. No more pain. Sure enough, here is Robert Hall, who never before saw a well day, and Edward Payson, whose body was ever torn of distress, and Richard Baxter, who passal through unfold physical torture. Alt wall. No more pain. Here, too, are the Taeban legion, a great host of 6666 put to the sword for Christ's sake. No distortion on their countenance. No fires to burt them, or

for Carist's sake. No distortion on their countenance. No fires to hurt them, or floods to drown them, or racks to tear them. All well. Here are the Scotch Covenanters, none to hunt them now. The dark cave and imprecations of Lord Claverhouse exchanged for temple service, and the presence of Him who belped Hugh Lutimer out of the fire. All well. No more pain.

I set open the door of heaven until there blows on you this reireshing breeze. The fountains of God have made it cool, and the gardens have made it sweet. I do not know that Solomon ever heard on a hot day, the fee click in an fee pitcher, but he wrote as if he did when he said, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

was tired and hot and thirsty, and I shall not forget how refreshing it was when, after awhile. I heard the mountain brook tumbling over the rocks. I had no cup, no chalier, so I got down on my knees and face to drink. Oh, ye climbers on the journey, with cut feet and parched tongues and fevered cut feet and parched tongues and fevered temples, listen to the rumbling of sapphire brooks, amid flowered banks, over golden shelvings. Listen! "The Lumb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of water." I do not offer it to you in a chalice. To take this you must bend. Get down on your knees and on your face, and drink out of this great fountain of God's consolation. "And, lo, I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters."

FEUD ENDED IN DEATH.

Lexington, Kentucky, Politica Leads to Another Tragedy.

A bloody political tragedy occurred in Lexington, Ky., when John Traynor, marshal of Athens, Ky., cut Lew Sharpe, probably fatally, and shot Ike Davidson to death.

Sharpe and Traynor were both Democrats, Sharpe being an Owens man and Traynor a Breckinridge supporter. They met in front of the Leland Hotel. Sharpe accused Tray. nor of having voted for Denny, the Republican. Traynor denied it, when Sharps called him a d--d liar. Traynor struck Sharpe, who is badly crippled as the result of having been shot in the knee during the war.

The blow knocked Sharpe to the sidewalk, and before he could get up, Traynor drew a knife and began cutting the old soldier. Pat Toom, a young friend of Sharpe, rushed to his assistance, and knocked Traynor down. Ike Davidson jumped in and tried to separate the men. Traynor scrambled to his seet, and, apparently trying to get away, went down the street with two pistols in his nands, He then turned and fired, the bullet striking Devidson in the stomach. He died in an hour. Sharpe was taken to the hospital. where he is suffering greatly, and it is more than likely he will die. Traynor was locked

up. Davidson was a well-known dis ilier. The origin of the bad feeling between the men dates back some time. On election day, John Green, who was Marshal Traynor's deputy, shot and fatally wounded George Toomey, a brother of the man who took part in this affray. Pat Toomey, Sharpe, and Davidson came to town to have Traynor arrested as an accessory to the shooting of Toomey, as the latter is likely to die. Traynor had been arrested and released on bond,

when sharpe met him in froat of the hotel. There is already a great deal of bad blood between the Owens and Breckinridge men, and it is feared that this will not be the last of the trouble. Green, who shot Toomey, was a Breckinridge man, and Toomey an Owens follower. Sharpe is closely related to Stephen Sharpe, ex-Treasurer of Kentucky.

BURNED IN A BARN.

Sad Fate of Two Young Chi dren-Frenzy of a Father.

Two children, aged about five years each were burned in a barn at Timberville, Va. They were playing in the barn, and it is supposed their fooling with matches set the hay on fire. The fire sprung up between them and the opening and they were unable to escape. Outsiders rushed to the scene but were unable to render any assistance.

The father of one of them, Mr. Daniel Beam, had to be restrained from rushing into

London plagues make the world's knees | VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA

The latest Fews Cleaned From Various Parts of the Etata

Secretary Morton has appointed Dr. W. G. Brown, professor of chemistry in Washingon and Lee University, first assistant chemst of the division of chemistry, Department of Agriculture, vice Dr. G. L. Spencer, resigned. Dr. Brown will enter immediately pon the duties of his new position. In the absence of Dr. W. H. Wiley, chief of the dicision, he will be the acting chief and execntive officer.

Mr. S. S. Lambeth, Jr., son of Rev. Dr. Lambeth, who was elected city attorney of Norfolk by the Prohibitionists last spring has endered his resignation. Mr. Lambeth will dudy for the ministry.

Rev. Wm. McC. White, of Richmond, has cen elected to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church, at Lewisburg. Mr. White is a son of Rev. Dr. Henry White, of Winchester and a grandson of the late Dr. Wm. S. White, of Lexington.

Mr. O. W. Wood, Democrat, who has been elected to Congress from the Birmingham (Ala.) district is a graduate of the University of Virginia, The contract for the iron pipe to be used in

the new water supply for Bedford City has been awarded to the Glamorgan Company, of Lynchburg, at \$18.65 per ton. In September last, at the house of B. S. Williams, Williams was fatally stabbed in a

general row. His son-in-law, Henry Jones, suspected of being the murderer, fled and was not found until Friday, when he was arrested in Ohio and brought here. He admits his guilt.

Joe White was shot in the leg three times by Lemon Price in front of a saloon on Twenty-third street, Newport News. A trivial quarrelled to the shooting. Price made his escape. White is a native of Barbadoes, West Indies, and came here a few days ago from Baltimore. Price is a brakeman on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. The wounded man was sent to the Soldiers' Home Hospital at Hampton.

The adjourned meeting of the stockholders of the Seabcard and Roanoke Railroad Company was held in Norfolk and the following directors were elected: B. Curzon Hoffman. president; Enoch Pratt, Louis McLane, harles D. Fishe, and Moncure Robinson, Jr., of Ealtimore, Md.; Judge L. R. Watts, of Postsmouth, Va., and W. W. Fuller, of Durham, N. C. This was a re-election of the old board with the exception of Mr. W.W. Fuller. who takes the place of Major R. S. Tucker, deceased.

Judge Snyder, of the Crimidal Court, at (barleston, sentenced Bud Clendenin, murderer of Dr. J. W. Davis, to life imprisonment in State penitentiary; also, James Auderson five years and Frank Crimeans two years for theit; Wood Davis, murder, five years; Aug. Fisher, theft, two years; Al on King and Charles Gunther, housebreaking, four years each; Ed. Whittington, two years for attempting murder; C. B. Monta ;ue, one year in jall for murder.

Emmets Richmon I, a prominent young man, of Scott county, a relative of ex-Congressman J. B. Richmond, was shot and instantly killed by a man named Lauton, Richmond was accused of making Laxton's employe so drunk he could not get to the election, and when he heard of it he went to Laxion's home with a drawn pistol, demanding retraction. The latter filled his victim's body with buckshot before he could speak or open fire,

A serious accident occurred at Parksley Station, on the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad, which will result in the loss of a leg. Several young men were out gunning, it is supposed for rabbits. Burney McCready, one of the young men, was in the act of breaking his gun, a breech-londer when it was accidentally discharged, the entire load entering the right leg of Clarence Wise, one of the companions, just above the knee, who was standing about six feet in front of him. Young Wise is about twentythree - ears old and the physicians say his leg will have to be amputated.

Joseph B. Lynch, W. J. Chandler and Mrs. Sarah E. Collins were convicted at Accomac Court House of lasciviousness in carrying out there so-called religious beliefs. Lynch, a Delaware man, and the head of the band, was sentenced to 8 months in jail and to pay a fine of \$250. Chandler was sent to jail for 6 months and fined \$150. The woman Collin was sent enced to 4 months imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$100. The trial of these persons has attracted widespread attention. Their doctrines were that all marriages were unholy in divine sight excert those of the sancified. Lynch, the chief of the band, admitted that he had bugged and kissed one of the sisters, a married woman of twenty-four. The santified ones lived and carried on their meeting on the teautiful little island of Chincoteague, in the Chesapeake bay. The effect of this action on the jury will be to drive the party away, at least so the people who live near them hope,

Gabriel Ross died near Milboro', Bath county. Mr. Rose served four years in the Confederate army and was a brave soldier. A few years ago he fell over a precipice sixty-eight feet high, landing on a bed of rocks, Since that time his health has been gradually falling, but not until the last two weeks has his condition been considered serious.

Hon. B. Johnson Barbour, of Orange county, while in Charlottesville a few days ago stepped on a loose brick, causing him to fall into a ditch. Mr. Barbour received severe bruises about the head and body, rendering him insensible for some time. While the shock was a severe one it is thought that his injuries will not prove very serious.

Samuel F. Epes, Sr., a prominent citizen of Blackstone, died suddenly of heart dis-

W. H. Wren, formerly a prominent business man in Lynchbbrg, died in Atlanta, Ga.

FIVE PERSONS CRUSHED.

Caught Under a Falling Wall in Louisvill .-A Panie Averted.

Fire broke out about 5 o'clock, in the building occupied by the Louisville branch of the Singer Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company, at 552 Fourth avenue and before the flames could be extinguished did about \$50,000 worth of damage.

Just as the fireman had the fire under control the rear wall of the Singer building fe l and five firemen were caught under it and badly hurt. Two of them, Valentine Richand James Mannix, may die.

The Singer Sewing Machine Company's loss will be \$30,000, on which there is no insurance. T. N. Lindsay, picture frames and wali paper, 534 Fourth avenue, was damaged \$10,000; the loss on the building was about 88,00); other smaller losses will aggregate \$2,000.

At the time of the fire there was a large audience present at the Avenue Theatre, which adjoins the Singer Building. The fire was discovered by the people on the stage and the curtain was dropped in the middlof the last act, and in less than twenty minates the house was emptied of its occupantand a panie averted.



A PATCHED PONY.

Tricky Indians Make Use of a Rabbit

"These stories of Indian troubles in the Southwest remind me of an experience that I had down in New Mexico," said Hen y Davidson, of Albuquerque. "I was new to the region querque. "I was new to the region then, and although I had heard all sorts of strange t les about the tricki-ness of the Indian, I did not know that he was as shrewd as I afterward found him to be.

"I wanted a pony for some rea on, and I communicated my desire to a friend of a crowd of the greasy citizens of the outskirts. The next day was besieged with offers. I looked a'll over the lot and picked three or four o make my selection from After eev al hours I settled on an animal that I thought to be in the pink of condi-tion and form. I took him for a good ound sum and a trade thrown into the b rgain.

"I rode home on the animal. As I got into my quarters I noticed that the horse ap eared to be uneasy, as if suffering from in ury. As I live, I found that a patch of skin several inches square had come off his tack. I looked into it and discovered that the o se was raw there, and that he had been putched up with rabbit or some other skin for the time teing. Those Indians stood by each other, t.o. for I could never locate the scoundrel who had swindled me. I have since con-cluded that they were all wrong, and that had I bought the outfit I would have found the oddest assortment of pat had horses that it was ever the tortine of a white man to look upon.

The Contentions Lip.

The compressed lip beloved by the novelist is a sign of weakness rather than strength. The strong man has every feature, every physical attribute under control. Assured of his men's obedience, the commanding officer does not habitually keep his lip muscles in a state of tension. Look at the sea captain, the most abso ute monarch on earth He carries authority and power in his face, but it resides in his eye and the confident assurance of his easily set mouth. Every spar, shaft, and muscle in his foating realm must obey him, and he knows it. This is probably a reason why the sea captains and the engine drivers show a certain similarity of type. The engine driver can make his captive giant, strong as ten thousand men, obey the pressure of his finger. His lips are usually calm, like those of the statues of the wielder of thunderbolts on Olympus Who ever saw a man commanding a man-of-war or driving a locomotive with the contentious lip of a school usher?

Cost of Irrigation.

Whatever the cost of irrigation may be, the cost of not irrigating may be very much greater. It is estimated by those who know something about the subject that the value of the grain crops alone the past season, even at the very low prices. which have been lost through excessive drought will reach over three hundred and flity million dollars. And what makes the case still more emphatic is the fact that over a large part of the country where crops of all kinds have been so seriously damaged the rainfall is sufficient, if properly stored and distributed, to insure a crop every year. The fact is, the cost of growing crops without sufficient water greatly overbalances any possible cost of establishing irrigating systems, when we take into account the frightful losses that occur somewhere in the country, through a series of years, from insufficient moisture in the soil.

Funny Bank.

outhouse by William Langsdorf, of Bee County, Texas. He needed them, and while putting one on his foot met coll of greenbacks, amounting to \$500.

CHUSCE'S ISLAND.

It is not generally known that Juan

Fernandoz-the island on which Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Cru oe of romance, lived so many years-is at the present time inhabited. Two valleys, winding down from different directions, join a short distance back from the shore, and there now stands little village of small huts scattered round a long condition. round a long one-storied building with a veranda running its whole length. In this house lives the man who rents the island from the Chi ian Government, and the village is made up of a few German and Chilian families

tista, and the crater-like a m of the sea on which it is situated, and where Alexander Selkirk first landed, is now called Cumberland Bay. The island is rented for about £2.0 a year. The rent is raid partly in dr.ed fish. Cat hing and drying the many varieties of fish an I raising cattle and vegtables wholly occupy the contented settlers, and make of their little income is obtained from the cattle and vegetables s ld to passing vessels.

At the back of the little town, in the markable appearance hewn into the sandstone. An unused path leads to them, and a short climb brings one to their dark mouths. About forty years that a good way to get rid of its worst criminals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernande. Here under the direction of Chilian coldiers, these poor wretches were made to dig caves to live in. In 1854 they were taken back again, however, and the ca es have since been slowly

The narrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called "The Saddle," of the e is now a large tablet with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay on the island. It was placed there in 1868 by the offcers of the Eritish ship Topa !. A small excursion steamer now runs from Valiaraiso to Juan Fernandez i-land. The round trip is made in six days, and three of the e may be spent on the island in fi hing and visi ing those lonely, but beautiful, spots whi h near y 2 0 years ago were the haunts



eases, or drains upon the system, excesses, or abuses, bad habits, or early vices, are treated through correspondence at their homes, with uniform success, by the Specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. A book of 136 large pages, devoted to the consideration of the maladies above hinted at, may be had, mailed securely sealed from observation, in a Book), to the World's Dispensary connected with this widely celetreatment of the delicate diseases methods and means of cure.

It Is Now Inhabited and Posseses a Little

The tiny town is called San .. uian Bau-

first high cliff, is a row of caves o. reago the Chilian Government thought

because at either end of it a rocky hummock rises like a pommel. On on

Hypochondrical, despondent, nervous, "tired out" men -those who suffer from backache, weariness, loss of energy, impaired memory, dizziness, melancholy and discouragement, the result of ex-

hausting displain envelope, by sending 10 cents in one-cent stamps (for postage on Medical Association, at the above mentioned Hotel. For more than a quarter of a century, physicians brated Institution, have made the

The Electric Light.

It is probable that large numbers of the German soldiers will be equipped with portable electric batteries weighing about half a pound. A small lamp goes with it, and the invention will be of great value to the men employed about powder magazines. They are also to be used for signaling from balloons at night, and can be fixed to the helmet when the men have to dig trenches after

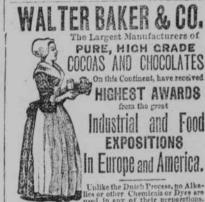
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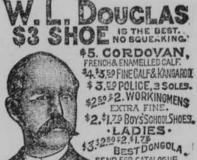
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